



The fourth

booke of Virgill, intreating
of the loue betwene Aeneas &
Dido, translated into English, and
drawne into a straunge metre
by Henrype late Earle of
Surrey, worthy to be
embraced.

(.:.)

Printed at London
by John Day, for William
Awen, dwelling in Water
noster rowe, at the
sygne of the
Cocke.

Cum priuilegio ad im-
primendum solum.



TO the most puissant prince Thomas
Duke of Norfolk, Wyllyam Awerhys
most humble Orator wrytheth perpe-
tual health and felicity



Then it chaunced a coppe of thys
part of Virgill, translated by
your graces father (right hono-
rable Lord) by the meanes of a
friend of myne, to come to my
hands: I not onely held þe same
as no smal treasure, because I
had heard it, lyke as others the
monumetes of that noble wyse

of hys, whych was in thys kynde no doute incompa-
rable, of al men to be commended: but also my desyre
was great, at one time or other, yf by a meanes con-
uenient I might, to publyshe the same: and that the
rather, because I coulde vnderstand of no man that
had a coppe thereof, but he was more wyllyng the
same should be kept as appuiate treasure in the han-
des of a fewe, then publyshed to the common profyt
and delectacion of many. But forasmuch as my co-
py although it were taken of one, wrytten wryth the
authors owne hande, was not yet so certaine, that it
myghte be thought of it selfe sufficient to be publy-
shed, partly for that the wyter had not tyme sufficiēt
to the due examinacion thereof, after it was wryt-
ten, and also because the reding of the authors copy
it selfe, by reason of speedye wrytyng thereof was
somewhat doutful: for these causes, gettyng two o-
ther copies also, wrytten out by other men, I caused
myne

The Preface.
myne to be conferred with the m both, and of the ym
p to be receiued, as most worthy to be allowed, whych
was bothe to the latyn moſte agreeable, and alſo beſt
ſtanding with the dignity of that kynde of mytre.

And this my doing I truſt no honeſt man ſhall be
able to reproue, but rather it ſhall be an occaſion, to
ſuch as fauour the monimentes of ſo noble a wyt, if
they haue a better copy to publiſhe the ſame. As for
the vnthankeful, I paſſe not how much they reppne
at my dede: ſo that I may vnderſtand your grace to
take in good part my good wyl herein. Which if you
do (as I nothyng doute of your graces goodneſſe) it
ſhal no lytle encourage me hereafter to bring other
hys workes to light, as they ſhal come to my hands.

Thus beſeeching our Lord god to continue your
grace in welth and increaſe of vertue,

I wyſhe you hartelye well
to fare.

Your graces moſt humble
Oratour Wyllyam Owen.

**The occasion of the loue betwene Elissa
the Quene of Cartage, after called Dido, and
the Trojan lord Aeneas, briefly gathered
out of Virgill.**



Aeneas a man of great prowes, and one
that had the Gods, his parentes and coun-
tre in much reuerence and loue, ouer-
passed wth cruel Junos wrath, in fer-
ring Italy, rowed vpon the seas of Sicily,
till after much tossing, at the last he arri-
ued in the coastes of Libia: not knowing
the same what countrey it was. But ha-
uing with hym hys assured companion
Achates, he learned by hys mother, that
the Lady Elissa was Quene thereof. Af-
ter conueighed vnder a cloude he came to the citty of Cartage, where
the Quene was resident: and there meeting with others of his compa-
nye, who by the lyke fortune were dyscuen into the same costes, he was
of the bountifull Quene receiued with much honour. To hys compa-
nye also whiche were vpon the sea costes, she sent .xx. bullockes, .x.
porckes, .x. lambes together with theyr dainties, and thereto of wyne
great plenty: gyftes spt for theyr entertainment, as that tyme, and as
theyr necessity asked. The whiche Achates, sent by Aeneas to the sea,
presented to them, and at his returning brought with him yong Iulus
Aeneas sonne, who by hys fathers commaundement shoulde for the
Troians part lyke wyle present to the Quene certayne ryche gyftes,
ornamentes of the sapie Helen, which they had got from the Grecians
handes at theyr spole of Troy. But the Goddess Venus, mother to
Aeneas, who alwayes douted what wold be the end of this her sonnes
so great entertainment in a strange land, thought that thus she shuld
best make all thynges sure, if she myghte by any meanes bring the
Quene in loue with hym. Whych thyng to do she wrought thys feate,
she bydd her sonne Cupid (who was the God of Loue) addresse hym
selfe in the lyknes of Iulus to go present the gyftes, and in daunce
wth the Quene pryncely to inspyre her wth unquenched fyre of loue.
The childe therefore Iulus commynge with gyftes to be to the Quene
presented, she brought on slepe, & so carping him in her lappe into the
mount

mount Ithacum, left hym there among the flowers. In this meane
tyme Cupid (as hys mother had bydden hym before) tooke vpon hym
the shape of Iulus, goeth vnto him accompanied with Archates, ca-
rpeth the giftes, and in steede of Iulus presenteth the same to the queene.
She setteth her down to meate, causeth the Troians to sit down. The
Troians come together, whiche also sit downe, commaunded by her.
They wonder at Aeneas hys giftes, and at the goodly beu, who they
toke to be Iulus: but of al others, unhappy Dido could neuer inough
behold either the swete beu, or yet the presentes, but styll more & more
is she enflamed, & what wth the giftes, and with the childe marue-
lously styred. This childe after he had hanged in the necke of Aeneas,
so to begyle the loue of hys fauored father, setteth vpon the Quene. He
goeth to her: she is with him maruillously rauished, she imbraceth hym,
she takes him in her lap, and thus with kissing and colling, she delig-
teth her selfe. But the litle boy Cupid, remembryng what his mother
had sayd to hym, amongst these kisses breathed spere into the Quenes
brest, whiche nought but death it selfe, or scarce that, could quench. He
begyns to make her by litle and litle to forgette quite her former hus-
band Sicheus: he styres by her mynde so loth to be kindled, & assaultes
that hart of hys, out of vse wth loue. After meate, the board the hords
remoued, the mighty boles of golde set wth stoncs, were playd wth
the wyne, dymyng there was, quassynge one to an other, wth great
myth and gladnes. The Lord Iopas wth hys long tresses, kynge of
Africke, played on hys gylde Lute, spunging of the course of the sunne,
the Moone, of the original of mankynde, of brute, of water and spere,
of the rysynge of spages, of the shortnesse of dayes, and lengthe of the
nights. The Troians make hysynge there, the Troians do the lyke.
Selye Dido also passynge the nyghte wth diuers talke, dymykes a
draught of loue (alas) al to deepe. Many a question she demaundes of
the kynge Iopas, many a one of Hector, in what armour cam Vulcan,
what maner hozles Diomedes were: yea, she desires her new guest be-
gynning at the original of the matter, to tel her of the Grekes disceite,
of the Troians chaunce, of hys aduentures by sea and lande, in that
hys seven peeres trauaple. Whiche thynges by that tyme he had told
from the begynning to the ende, she was so enflamed in loue, that she
ne wist what wat to take. And thus arose the loue betwene Dido, and
Aeneas, whiche is at large expressed in Virgils fourth
booke of the Aeneides.

The. iiii. booke of Virgill.

BUt now the wounded Quene with heuy care,
Throughtout the vaines she nourisheth the plai,
Surprised with blynde flame: and to hyr mynde
Can eke resort the prowes of the man,
And honour of hys race: whyles in her brest
Imprinted sticke his wordes, and ppyctures forme:
He to her lyms care graunteth quyet rest.
The next morrow, with phoebeus lampe the earth
Alyghtned cleere, and eke the dawnyng daye
The shadowes darke gan from the pole remoue:
When all vnsounde her syster of lyke mynde
Thus spake she to: O syster Anne, what dreames
Be these, that me tormented thus asey:
What newe guest is thys, that to our realme is come?
What one of chere: how stout of hart in armes?
Truely I thynke (he bayne is my belofe)
Of Goddys race some offsprynge should he be:
Cowardy notes hartes swarued out of kynde.
He drymen (Lord) with howe hard besteny:
What battayles eke achieued bys he tell:
But that my mynde is sette vnmourably,
Neuer with wyght in wedlocke eye to loyne:
Sythe my fyrst loue me left by death disseuered,
If geniall brands, and bedde me lothed not,
To thys one faulte perchaunce yet myght I yelde.
Ayme, for I graunt, sythe wretched Sicheus death
My spouse and house with brothers felowde despyled,
Whysonly man he hath my senses bent,
And pryked forth my mynde, that gan to ordey:
Now feelyngly I taste the sheppes of myne olde flame.
But fyrst I wythe, the earth me swalowe downe,
With thunder, or the myghty Lord me sende

To

The fourth booke of Virgill.

To the pale gostes of hel, and darkenes deepe:
O I thee stayne, shamefastnes, or thy lawe.
He that wyth me fyrst coppled, tocke alwaye
My loue wyth hym, styl enioye he in graue.
Thus dyd she say, and wyth suppressed teares
Wayned her brest. Whereto Anne thus replyed:
O syster, dearer beloued then the lyght:
Thy youth alone in playnt styl wylt thou spyll
That chyldren sweete, nor Venus gyftes doest knowe:
Doth dost (thynkest thou) mynde thys: or graued gostes:
Tyne of thy doole, thy spoule newe dead, I graunt.
None myght thee moue: Iarkas not to feere,
The Lybian kyng dyspysed yet by thee:
And other prynces mo: whom the ryche soyle
Of Affrike breeds, in honours tryumphant,
Wylt thou also wythstande the loue, that lykes thee:
On thys syde, in the Getules towne beholde,
A people bolde vnuanquyshed in warre,
And the vndaunted Pumpydes compasse thee,
Wyth Sytes, the unfrendlye harbrough:
On thother hande, a deserte realme for thurste
The Barceans, whose furpe stretches wyde.
What shall I touche the warres that moue from Tyre:
O yet thy brothers threatens:
By Gods puruepaunce it blewe, and Junos helpe
The Troiannes shypes (I thynke) to runne this course
Syster, what towne shalt thou see thys become:
Thro suche allye howe shall our kyngdome ryse:
And by the ayde of Troiane armies howe great:
Howe many wayes shall Cartages glope growe:
Thou onely nowe beseeche the Gods of grace
By sacrefyce: whych ended, to thy house
Receyue hym: and forge causes of abode:

Whyles

The fourth booke of Virgil.

Whyles wunter frettes the starre and watrye Dyon,
The thyppes shaken, vnfriendly the season.
Such wordes enflamed the kyndled mynde wyth loue,
Losened al shame, and gaue the doubtful hope.
And to the temples fyrt they haste, and seeke,
By sacrifice for grace, wyth Hogreles of two yeares
Chosen (as they ought) to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
To Phebus, Bachus, and to Iuno chiefe,
Whych hath in care the bande of maryage.
Fayre Dido helde in her ryght hande the cuppe,
Whych twyrt the hornes of a whyte Cowe she shedde
In presence of the Gods passyng before
The alters fatte, whych she renewed oft
Wyth gyftes that day, and beastes deuoued:
Galyng for counsell in the entrales warme.
Ay me, vnskyllfull myndes of prophesye
Temples, or bowes, what boote they in her rage?
Gentle flame the Harpes both deuouere:
Whyles in the brest the splent wounde keepe lyf,
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughtout the towne she wandreth vp and downe:
Lyke the strycken Wynde wyth shaft yshotte:
Throughtout the woods whych chafing with his barres
Aloofe, the Shepheard fasteneeth in her vnware:
And left in her vnwytt the chyllyng brad:
That throught the groues, and landes glides in her sight:
Amyd whole spde the mortall arrowe flykes.
Aeneas now about the wales she leades,
The towne prepared, and Castege welth to thewe,
Offryng to speake, amyd the voyce, the whylkes.
And when the day gan fayle, nyght feastes she makes
The Troianes tradayles to heare a newe she lystes
Inraged al: and stared in hys face

The fourth booke of Virgil:

That tels the tale. And when they were all gone;
And the dymme now repysed the day lpght;
And syding starres prouoked vnto sleepe:
Alone she mournes wythin her pallyce voyde:
And syts her downe on her forsaken bedde.
And absent hym she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke: oft in her lappe wyth holdes
A scannis trapte by hys fathers forme:
So to begyle the loue, that cannot be told.
The turrettes now aryse not, erst begone,
Peper the yonth weldes armes, nor they auance
The portes: nor other defence they make for warre.
Broken there hang the workes and myghty frames
Of walles hygh rayled, threathnyng to the skye.
Whom asloone as Ioues deare wyfe sawe in effect
Wyth a pestilence, ne same resyst the rage:
Saturnes daughter thus burdeneth Cenus then.
Great prayse (quoth she) and worthy spoyle you winne.
Thou and thy sonne, great Gods of memory,
By both your wylles one woman to deuowre.
Yet am not I deceyued that foreknewe
Thee dread our walles, and buyldynges to suspecte
Of hygh Cartage. But what shalbe the ende?
Or wherunto nowe serueth suche debate?
But rather peace, and bydeale bandes knytte we,
Hyth thou hast sped of that, thy hart desyred.
Dido loues, and burns, the rage her bones doth perle:
Thys people is then nowe common to vs both,
Wyth equall fauours let vs gouerne them;
Refull be it to serue a Troiane spouse:
And Tyrianes yelde to thy ryght hande in dowry.
To whom Cenus replyed thus: that knewe,
Her wordes proceded from desmembled mynde.

The fourth booke of Virgil.

To Lybian coastes to turne themppre from Rome,
What wpght so sonde, suche offer to refuse?
Or yet wpyth thee had leauer stryue in warre?
So be it fortune thy tale byng to effect,
But destenpes I dout: least Ioue wpll graunte,
That folke of Tyre, and such as came from Troye,
Should hold one towne: or graunt these nacpons
Mpyngled to be, or ioyned in a leage.
Thou art hys wyse: lesul be it for the
For to attempt hys fanyse by request:
Passe on before and folowe thee I shall:
Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale agayne:
Thys trouble be it myne: but by what meane?
(Marke in fewe wordes I shal thee learne estones)
Thys woozke in hand maye nowe be compassed.
Aeneas nowe, and wretched Dido eke
The forest tyll, a huntynge mynde to wende,
To morne as soone as Tytan shall ascend,
And wpyth hys beames hath ouersped the world.
Dum trepidant ale,
And whyles the raunger doth set the groues about:
A cloudy shower mpyngled wpyth hpayle
Poure downe on them, wpyth thunder shake the skyes.
The assemble scattered the myst shal cloke.
Dido a came, the Troiane prynce the same
Shall enter to: and I wpll be at hand.
And yf thy wpll stycke vnto myne: I shall
In wedlocke sure knyght, and make her hys owne.
Thys shall the marpage be: to whose request
Wpythout debate Venus dyd seme to graunt.
And smyled fast, as she that sounde the wyle
Then from the seas, the dawnyng gan aryse.
The sunne once vp, the chosen youth gan thrange

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Unto the gates the hays so early hvytte,
The hunting hanes wyth theyr broads brades of heste
And of mase the bozemen forth they brake
Of sentyng houndes a kenell huge lyketwyle.
And at the threshold of her chamber dore,
The Cartage Lodes dyd thyn the Quene awayne,
The tramplng kerde wyth gold and purple decht,
Chaloyng the sony bytte, there fiercely stonde.
Then issued she, backed wyth a great route,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre ymbrazed wyth
Her quiver hunge behynde her backe, her tresses
Flownde by wyth golde, her purple vestures eke
Butned wyth gold, the Leianes of her trapne
Besore her go, wyth gladfome Iulus.
Aeneas eke the goodlyest of the route
Makes one of them, and lopneth close the thynge:
Lyke when Apollo leaueth Lyra,
Hys wyntryng place, and Xanthus floudes lyketwyle:
To byset Delos hys mothers mansion:
The Candians, and folkes of Dryopes,
And paynted Agathyrs houte, and crye:
When he walkes vpon mount Cynthus toppre:
Hys sparkled tresses he prest wyth garlandes soft
Of tender leaues, and frussed by in golde:
Hys quyuer wyng dartes clattering behynde hys backe:
So freshe and lusty dyd Aeneas seme:
Suche lordly port in countenaunce present.

But to the hyls, and wyld holtes when they came:
From the rockes toppre then dyuen sauage rose,
Lo from the hylt above to the other syde,
Through the wyde landes: whereas there coude
The hartes lyketwyle, in troupes takyng theyr syght,
Kasyng the dust, the mountayne fast forsake.

The

The fourth Booke of Virgill.

The chyld Iulus, blythe of hys swyft speede
Amys the playne nowe prynces by them, nowe thes:
And to encounter wyllyeth oft in mynde
The forming Bore in scede of tymerous beastes:
W^h Lyon browne myght from the hyll descend.

In the meane whyle the heavens gan rounble soze:
In taylor thereof, a myngled sholwe wyth hayle.
The Tyrian folke, and eke the Troians youth,
And Venus nephewe the coltaged seare
Dought arounde about: the floudes fell from the hylls.
Dido a denne, the Troiane pryncce lyke wyse,
Chaunced vpon. Our mother (then) the earth,
And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
Fyrt tokens gaue with burnyng gleades of flame,
And ppyr to the wedlocke lightnyng skyes:
And the Symphes wayted from the mountaynes top.
Ayme, this was the formest day of mythe,
And of myshappe the fyrt occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her wyth helde:
But museth how to frame her love by the the,
Wedlocke she cald it: vnder which pretence
Of that fayre name she cloketh wote her fault.
Forthw^h same flyeth through the great Libian towner:
A myschicfe same, there to none els so swift:
That mouing growes, and sytting gathers forces:
Fyrt small for dread, sone after chymes on hye
Perecing the earth, and hydes her head in cloudes.
Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wyath
Of Gods begat: the last soster (they wyte)
To Caenis, and to Cenceladus eke,
Speede offste, of wynges lyke wyse swyft
A monster huge, dreadful for to tell
For every plume, that on her bodyt yeked

The fourth booke of Virgill.

As many waker eyes lurke underneath
So many mouthes to speake, and harkenyng eares,
By might she flynge amyd the cloudes and skye,
Shyryng by the dark shadowe of the earth,
She dothe delyne to the swete sleepe her eyes.
By day she syttes to see, on the house toppe,
Of turrettes hye and the great townes afrayes,
Wyndesfull of yll, and lyes as blastyng truth.
Thys monster blythe wyth many a tale gan Lowe
Thys rumoz then into the commons eares:
As well thynges done as that was neuer wrought:
Aeneas comen, sprong of Trojan bloude
To whom saye Dido would her selfe be wedde,
In natures luste the wynter for to passe.
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
Thys in the mouthes, the fylthy Goddes spredde,
And takes her course to kyng Iarbas strayght,
Kynndlyng hys mynde, wyth tales she fed his wyath;
Gotten he was by Ammon Jupiter
Upon the rauished Caramantida.
An hundred temples in hys large realme he buylt,
Aulter as many, wyth waker burnyng flame,
A watche alwayes upon the Gods to attende.
Flowers embused yeldeo bloud of beastes,
And threshold spred wyth garlandes of straunge hue.
He wood of mynde, kyndled by better byntes,
Afoze the aulter, in presence of the Gods,
Wyth reared handes gan humbly Ioue entreate,
Almyghty God whom the Phoenician
Fed at ryche tables presenteth wyth hyne,
Seest thou these thynges, or feare we thee in bayne?
When thou lettest fflye the thunder from the cloudes,
Whole flames of fyre wyth bayne nyste be affrayd.

The fourth booke of Virgil.

A wandryng woman in our coastes hath bought
A plot for pryce: where she a byllage set:
To whom we gaue the stronde for to manure,
And lawes to rule her towne: our wedlocke lothed,
Hath choosed Aeneas to commaunde her realme.
That Paris nowe with hys vniuanly sorte,
Wyth mytred battes, wyth oynted bulbe and beard,
Hys rape enjoyeth: whyles to the temples we,
Our offrynges byng, and folowe ruinos bayne,
Whom praying in suche sorte, and gryping eke
The autors fast, the myghty father heard:
And wyth hys looke gan thwarte the ryal walles,
And louers eke forgettyng theyr good name,
To Mercurye then gaue he thus in charge.
Hence sonne in hast, and call to thee the wyndes:
Slyde wyth thy plumes, and tel the Troiane prynce,
That nowe in Cartage loytereth, recklesse
Of the townes graunted hym, by destiny:
Swyft through the skyes, see thou these wordes reposte.
Hys fayre mother behyte hym not to be
Suche one to be: he therefore hym twyle lamed
From Greekysh armes, but Italse to rule,
Dreadfull in armes, charged wyth seigniorie,
Discoveryng hys worthy tencyne race:
And vnder lawes, the whole worlde to subdue.
If glozy of suche thynges nought hym enflame:
Be that he lystes seeke honour by some payne:
The towres yet of Rome doth he enuie
To yong Ascanus, that is hys father.
What myndeth he to frame: or by what hope
In enemyes lande doth he make hys abode:
Be hys offspryng in Italy regarded:
Be yet the land of Laun doth beholde:

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Bid him make saile: haue here the sume:
Dur messenger thus report. Then Mercury gan,
When Ioue had sayd, bend him to obeye
Hys myghty fathers wyll: and to hys heel
Hys golden wynges he knittes, whych him transporte:
With a lyght wynde aboue the earthe, the seas.
His wand he tooke, wherewith he calis from hel
Pale gostes: other some also thither he sendes
Comfortles,
Whereby he sozeth sleepes, and them berenes,
And mortall eyes he closeth vp in death:
By power whereof he dyces the windes awaye.
And passeth eke amyd the troubled cloudes.
And in his flight he ganne descrye the toppe,
And the stype flanks of rocky Atlas hyl:
That with his shoulders susteines the welkyn vp:
Whose head for crowne, with pyne circled alway,
With mysty cloudes beaten, with winde and storme:
His shoulders spred wyth snowe, and from hys chinne
The springes descende: his frosted beard wyth yce.
Here Mercury with equall shining winges
First touched, and with the body headling bette:
To the water thence tooke he hys extent.
Like to the soule, that endlong costes and strondes
Swarming with fysh, eyes sweeping by the sea:
Rushing betwixt the windes and Libian landes
From his graundfather by the mothers syde.
Cyllenes childe so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with hys wynged feete.
For towers, whereas he Aeneas sawe
Foundacions cast, are ryng lodges newe:
Girt with a swearde of Iasper harry bright.
Of Tirian purple honge his shoulders coloure

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Hys thynning patole of myghty Didos gyft,
Stryped throughtout wyth a thyn thred of gold.
Thus he encounters hym: Oh careles wyght
Both of thy realme, and of thyn owne affayres:
A marped man now dost thou reare the walles
Of hygh Cartage, to buylde a goodly towne.
From the skyes byght the ruler of the Gods
Sent me to thee, that by hys becke commandes
Both heauen and earth, in hast gaue me charge
Through the lyght ayre thys message there to say.
Why buyldest thou: or by what hope thy tyme
In idlenes thus wastes in Affrycke lande:
Of so great thynges, if nought the fame thee styres,
He lystes by tranaple honour to pursue:
Ascanus yet, that wareth fast beholde,
And the hope of Iulus seede thynne heyre:
To whom the realme of Italy belongses,
And soyle of Rome. When Mercury had sayde:
Amyd hys tale farre of from mortall eyes
Into lyght ayre, he vanysheth out of syght.

Well nere bestraught, vpstarte hys heare for dreade,
Amyd hys throte, hys voyce lyke wyse gan stycke.
For to depart by nyght he longeth now,
And the sweete lande to leaue attoynd sore.
By the aduyle, and mesuage of the Gods
What may he do, alas: or by what woozdes
Dare he perswade the ragynge Quene in loue:
Or in what sort dare he hys tale begynne:
Howe here nowe there, hys reckles mynde gan runne,
And dyuersly hym drawes discussyng all.
After long doubtis thys sentence seemed best:
Aneithens fyrst, and strong Cloanthus eke
He cals to hym, wyth sargest vnto whom

The fourth booke of Virgill.

He gaue in charge bys nauy secretly
For to prepare, and dreyne to the sea coast,
Hys people, and theyr armour to addresse:
And for the chaunge of thynges to sayne a scuse,
And that he would, when Dido least foreknew,
Or dyd suspect, so great a lone coulde breake,
A wayte hys tyme to speake thereof most meete:
The nearest way to chassen hys entent.
Gladly hys wyl, and byddynge they obey.
Ful soone the Quene, thys crafty flyght gan smell,
Who can disceyue a lover in forecast?
And fyrst foresawe the motions for to come;
Thynges most assured fearyng: vnto whom
That wycked fame reported, how to flyght
Was armed the shyppes all redy to auale.
Then yll bested of counsell rageth she:
And whylkeeth throught the towne like Bacchus munite
Bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thias, vbi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Citheron.

At length thus bordes she Aeneas of her selfe.
Unfaythful wyght, to couer suche a flyght,
Coudest thou hope unwylt to leaue my land?
Not thee our lone, nor yet ryght hande betrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may wyth holde:
But that thou wylt in wynter shyppes prepare,
Cruel to trye the seas in boysterous wyndes.
What if the land thou seekest, were not straunge,
If not vnknowen: or auncient Troye stode,
In rough seas, yet should Troy towne be sought:
Shunnest thou me: by these teares and ryght hand,
(For nought els haue I wretched left my selfe)
By our sponsals, and maryage begone,

The fourth booke of Virgill.

If I of thee deserued euer well:

O: thyng of myne were euer to thee leese:

Rue on thys realme, whose ruine is at hande,

I thee beseeche: and do away thys mynde.

The Lybians and Tirians tyrans of Romadane

For thee me hate: my Tyrians eke are wroth

My shamefastnes eke stayned for thy cause,

And good renoume, whereby vp to the starres

Perceles I came. To whom wilt thou me leaue

Kedy to dye, my swete guest: sythe thys name

Is all as nowe, that of a sponse remaines.

But whereto nowe should I prolong my death

To tary tyll my brother Pigmalion

Beate downe my walles: or the Getulian kyng

Iarbas yet captiue leade me awaye:

Before the flyght a chyldre had I conceyued;

O: sene a yong Aeneas in my courte

To play by and downe, that dyd present thy face,

All vtterly I coulde not seeine forsaken.

Thus sayd the Quene: he to the Gods aduys

Unmoued held hys eyes, and in hys brest

Repress hys care, and stroue agaynst hys wyl.

These wordes yet at last then forth he cast:

Peruer shall I denye (Quene) thy desert

Greater then thou in wordes may wel expresse:

To thynke on thee, ne yke me aye it shall:

Whyles of my lisse I shall haue memory,

And whyles the spirit these synowes of myne shall rule,

It is not great the thyng that I requyre:

Neither ment I to cloke the same by stelth

Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flyght,

For I to thee pretended maryage:

Ne byther cam to loyne suche leages.

The fourth booke of Virgill.

If destiny at myne owne libertie
To leade my lyfe wou'd haue permittid me
After my wyll my sorowe to redout:
Troy and the remaynder of our folke
Restore I should: and wyth these escaped handes,
The walles agayne vnto thee vanquished,
And palace hygh of Priam eke repayre.
But nowe Apollo, called Ceryneus,
And prophecies of Licia wyll me aduise
To leaue vpon the realme of Italy,
That is my loue, my country, and my land.
If Cartage turrets thee of Phoenis land,
And of a Lybian towne the sight deteyne:
To vs Troians why doest thou enuie
In Italy to make our residence?
Full it is for vs strange realmes to seake.
As oft as nyght doth cloke wyth shadowes darke
The earth: as oft as flaming starres appeare:
The troubled gost of my father Anchises
So oft in sleepe both me feare, and aduise.
The wronged hede by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defraude of the Hispanie crowne,
And landes allotted hym by destinye.
The messenger eke of the Gods of late
Sent downe from Ioue (I sweare by eyther hede)
Passyng the ayre, dyd thys to me reporte.
In bryght day yght the God my selfe I sawe
Entre these walles, and wyth these eares hym heard.
Leaue then with plaint, to bere both the and me.
Agaynst my wyll to Italy I go.

Whyles in this sorte he dyd his tale pronounce:
Wyth wayward looke she gan hym aye beholde,
And rolyng eyes, that moued to and fro:

The fourth booke of Virgil.

With silence looke discoursyng ouer all,
And forth in rage, at last thus gan she brayde,
Faithlesse, forsworne, thy dame ne Goddes was,
For Dardanus begynner of thy race,
But of hard rockes mount Tancaie monstrous
Bred thee, and teates of Tyger gaue thee sucke.
But what should I dyscemble nowe my chere?
Or me reserue to hope of greater thynges?
Wyndes he our teares? or euer moued hys eyen?
Wept he for ruthe? or pytyed he our loue?
What shal I set before? or where begynnes
Iuno nor Ioue with iust eyes thys beholdes.
There is no fayth, no surety to be found.
Dyd I not hym throne vp vpon my shore
In neede receyue, and fonded foolyshe eke inuest
Of halfe my realme: hys nauy lost, repayre?
From deathes daunger hys felowes eke defends
Aime, with rage and suryes am I dyue.
Apollo nowe, nowe Lycian propheties,
Another while the messenger of the Gods.
(He sayes) sent downe from myghty Ioue hym selfe
The dreadfull charge amyd the skyes hath brought.
As though that were the trauayle of the Gods,
Or such a care theyr quyetnes myght moue.
I hold thee not, nor yet gaynesay thy wordes,
To Italy passe on by helpe of wyndes,
And through the flouds go searche thy kyngdome newe
If ruthfull Gods haue any power I trust,
Amyd the rockes, thy byre thou shalt fynde,
When thou shalt cleape ful oft on Didoes name,
With buryal brandes I absent shall thee chase.
And when cold death from lyfe these lymmes deuydes,
My golde eche where shall styll vpon thee wayte,
Thou

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Thou shalt abyde, and I shall here thereof.
Among the soules belowe thys brute shall come.
Wyth suche lyke wordes she cut of halfe her tale,
Wyth pensive hart abandonyng the lyght:
And from hys syght, her selfe gan farre remoue:
Forsakyng hym: that many thynges in feare
Imagened, and dyd prepare to save.
Her swonyng lymmes her damselfe gan relcve,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone:
And layde her on her bed wyth tappettes spred.
But iust Aeneas though he dyd desyre,
Wyth comfort swete her sorowes to apease:
And wyth hys wordes to banyshe al her care:
To wayle her muche, wyth great loue ouercome,
By the Gods wyl yet woorkes he, and resoztes
Unto hys nauy, where the Troianes fast
Fel to theyr worke from the shore to vnstocke
Hygh charged shyppes: now fleets the talowed kele,
Theyr owers w leaues yet grene fro the wod thei bring
And mastes vnshane, for hast to take theyr flyght.
You myght haue sene them thronge out of the towne
Lyke Anttes, when they do spoyle the bulge of corne:
For wynters dread whych they beare to theyr denne:
When the blacke swarme creepes ouer al the felde:
And thwarte the gras by strait pathes drags they pray,
The great graynes the, some on theyr shoulers trusse,
Some dryue the troupe, some challyce eke the flow:
That wyth theyr trauayle chafed is eche pathe.
Beholdyng thys, what thought myght Dido haue?
What syghtes gaue she: when fro her towers of hight
The large coastes she saw haunted with Troians woorks,
And in her syght the seas wyth dyn confounded.
O wpyllesse loue, what thyng is that to do

The fourth booke of Virgil.

A mortall mynde thou canst not force thereto:
Forced she is to teares, and to retorne
By newe requestes, and yelde the hart to loze,
Least she shoulde before her causeles death
Leaue any thyng vntyped: O syster Anne
Quoth she, beholde the whole coast round about,
Howe they prepare assembled euery where.
The strayned sayle abydeeth but for wynde:
The thypmen crowne theyr thypps with bowes for soye,
O syster, yf so great a sorowe I
Mystrusted had: it were more lyght to beare.
Yet neuerthelesse thys for me a wretched wyght,
Anne, shalt thou do: for saythlesse thee alone
He reuerenced, and eke hys secretes tolde:
The meetest tymes thou knewest to borde the man:
To my proude foe, thus syster humbly saye:
I wyth the Greekes in the port Aulide
Couniured not the Troians to destroy:
Nor to the walles of Troy yet sent my fleets:
Nor cynders of hys father Anchises
Disturbed aye out of hys sepulture:
Why lettes he not my wordes synke in hys eares:
So harde for to entreate, whyther whurles he:
Thys last borow yet graunt he hys wretched loue:
Prosperous wyndes for to depart wyth ease
Let hym abyde: the foresayde maryage nowe,
That he betryed, I do not hym requyre:
Nor that he should sayre Italy forgo:
Neyther I would, he should hys kyngdome leaue:
Ouyet I aske, and a tyme of delay
And respyte eke my surys to asswage
Tyl my myshappe teache me al comfortles,
Howe for to wayle my greefe thys latter grace,

Syster,

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Syster I crane, haue thou remours of me,
Whych if thou shalt vouchsafe, wpth heapes I shall
Leaue by my death well rendered vnto thee.
Mynghed wpth teares, thus wretched gan she playne,
Whych Anne reportes, and answer byng agayne.
Fought teares hym moue, ne yet to any wordes
He harkens, though that he were myde of kynde,
Descentes wythstand, and god stoppes hys meke eares.
Lyke to the aged boysterous bodied oke,
Amyd the alpes, which that for the windes,
Blowng nowe from thys, now fro that quarter blow,
Betwixt them stryue to ouerwhelme wpth blastes,
The wythstelyng ayre among the braunches rozes,
Whych al at once bowe to the earth they croppes,
The stocke once smyt, whyles in the rockes the tree
Styckes fast, and looke, how hye to the heauē his toppes
Reares vp, as deepe hys roote spredde downe to hel:
So was thys Lord nowe here nowe there beset
With wordes, in whole stout brest wrought many cares,
But styll hys mynde in one remaines, in bayne
The teares were shed. When Dido frayde of fates
Wylshed for death, yketh to see the skyes.
And that she myght the rather worke her toyl,
And leaue the lyght (a griesely thyng to tell)
Vpon the alters burnyng ful of sence.
When she set gyftes of sacrifice, the saue
The holy water stockes ware blacke wythin,
The wyne eke shed, chaunge into fylthy geare,
Whych syght to none, not to her syster told.
A marble temple in her pallice eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stode,
In great honour and worshippe, whych she helde,
With snow white clothes decked, & with bowes of scatt,
Where

The fourth booke of Virgil.

Where oft was heard, her husbandes voyce, and speche
Clypping for her, when darke night byd the earth
And oft the Dole wyth rusfull song complayne,
From the house toppe to drawe hys playning tunes
And many thynges forespoke by prophetes past
Wyth dreadfull warnyng gan her nowe affray:
And sterne Aeneas lemed in her sleepe
To chase her styll about, bestraught in rage:
And styl her thought, that she was alone
Unwayted on great vyages to wende.
In desert land her Tyrian folkes to seeke.
Lyke Pentheus, that in hys madnes sawe
Swarmyng in flockes the furies al of hell:
Two sunnes remoue, and Thebes towne thew thwaine.
Dylyke Dcestes Agamemnons sonne:
In tragedyes who represented ays
Dyuen about, that from hys mother fled,
Armed wyth brandes, and eke wyth serpentis blacke:
That syttyng sound wythin the temples porche
The hugely furies hys slaughter to reuenge
Pelden to wo, when fransye had her caught:
Wythin her selfe then gan she wel debate
Ful bent to dye the tyme, and eke the meane:
And to her wofull syster thus she sayd,
In outward cheare, dissembling her entent,
Presentyng hope vnder semblant glad:
Syster reioyce, for I haue founde the waye
Hym to returne, or lose me from hys loue.
Toward thende of the great Actian,
Where as the Sunne dyscendeth, and despynes:
In the extremes of Ethiope is a place,
Where huge Atlas doth on hys shoulders turne
The sphere so rounde, wyth flaming starres beset,

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Some of masle, I heare should be a nunne
Of the Hyspertane sisters temple
The garden that gyues the Dragon foode
That on the tree preserues the holy fruite
Wylth hony mycke, and poppey that sleepe prouokes
Thys woman doth auant, by force of charms
What hart she lyst to set at libertye:
And other some to perere wylth heauy cares:
In runnyng flood to stoppe the waters course:
And eke the starres they meyninges to reuerse:
The gosses that walke by nyght, eke to assemble:
Under thy feete, the earth thou shalt behold
Tremble and roare, the okes fall from the hyll,
The Gods and thee, deare syster, nowe I call
In wytnes, and thy heade so sweete:
To Magike artes agaynst my wyll I bende,
Ryght secretly wylthin our inner court,
In open ayre reare vp a stake of wood:
And hang thereon the weapon of thys man
The whych he left wylthin my chamber stycke,
Thys weedes dyspoyled all, and bydeall bedde,
Wherein alas Syster, I founde my bane:
Charge thereupon, for so the Nunne commaundes,
To do away, what dyd to hym belong:
Of that false wyght that myght remembraunce bring.
Then wylsted she, the pale her face gan stayne,
She could yet Anne beleue, her syster ment
To cloke her death by thys newe sacryfice:
For in her brest suche fury dyd conceyue,
Neyther doth she nowe dread more greuous thyng,
Then solowed Sichens death: wherefore
She put her wyll in dre
But the Quene, when the stake was reared vp,
Under the ayre wylthin the inwarde court

The fourth booke of Virgil.

Wyth clouenoke, and byllettes made of fyre,
Wyth garlandes then, she doth beset the place,
And wyth grene bowes eke crowne the funerall.
And thereupon hys weedes and sworde forlooke,
And on hys bed hys picture she bestowes:
As she that well foreknewe what was to come.
The alters stande about, and eke the Panne
Wyth sparkled tresse, the which three hundred Gods
Wyth a loude voyce doth thunder out at once:
Cerebus the griselye, and Chaos eke,
The three folde Goddesse Proserpina,
And three faces of Diana the Virgin
And spryncles eke the water counterfet
Lyke vnto the blacke Auernes lake in hell,
And sprynging herbes reaped wyth brasen sythes
Were sought after the ryght course of the Poone,
Theyr venim blacke intermyngled wyth mylke
The lumpe of fleshe twene the newe borne foles eyes
To reue, that wyynneth from the dame her loue.
She wyth the Pole all in her handes deuout
Stoode neare the altar, bare of the one foot,
Wyth besture loofe, the bandes unlased ake
Went for to dye, cals the Gods to recorde,
And gytyt starres eke of her bestemye.
And ys there were any God that had care
Of loners vnequall in behest:
Hym she requiers of iustice to remember.

It was then nyght, the sounde and quyet sleepe
Had thzough the earth the wearyed bodyes caught,
The woods, the ragyng seas were fallen to rest,
When that the starres had halfe theyr course decayed,
The felde whyst, beastes, and fowles of diuers hie,
And what so that in the bzode longes remainde,

The fourth booke of Virgill.

O yet amonge the busbye thickets of bylar,
Layde downe to slepe by silens of that nyght
Can swage theyr cares, myndles of trauailes past
Not so the spiryt of thys Whenslian:
Unhappy she, that on no slepe could chaunce:
Nor yet myght rest in eye, nor brest could entre,
Her cares redoble: lone ryle and rage agayne,
And ouerflowes wyth swelling stormes of wraath.
Thus thynkes she then, thys roles she in her mynde,
What shal I do: shal I nowe beare the scoorne
For to assaye myne old woers agayne?
And humbly yet a nunned spouse requyre?
Whose maryage I haue so oft dysdeyned:
The Troian nauy, and Teucryne vyle commaundes
Follow shal I: as though it should auayle,
That whylom by my helpe they were releued:
Or forbecause wyth kynde, and myndefull folke
Ryght well dothe syt the passed thankfull dede:
Who would me suffer: (admyt thys were my wyl)
Or scorned me to theyr proude shyppes receyue?
Oh, wo begone: full lytle doest thou wotte,
Or smell the broken othes of Laomedons kynde.
What then: alone on mery Maryners
Shal I wayte: or borde them wyth my power:
Of Tyrians assembled me about,
And suche as I wyth trauayle brought from Tyre,
Dyue to the seas, and force them fayle agayne:
But rather dye, even as thou hast deserued:
And to thys wo wyth Ire gyue thou ende.
And thou sylter vanquished wyth my teares,
Thou in my rage with al the myschiefe syt
Dyd burden me, and wyshe me to my foe,
Was it not graunted me from spousals free,

The fourth booke of Virgil.

Lyke to wyld beastes, to lyue wythout offence:
Wythout taste of suche cares: is there no fayth,
Reserued to the sinders of Pycheus:
Such great complaynt brake forth out of hyr brest:
Whyles that Aeneas certayne to depart,
All thynges prepared, slept in the poupe on bygh.
To whom in sleepe the wounted Godheades forme
Can aye appeare, retournyng in lyke shape
As semed hym: and gan hym thus aduise:
Lyke vnto Mercury in voyce, and hue,
Wyth yellowe bushe, and comelye lymmes of poult.
O Goddesse sonne, in suche case canst thou sleepe?
Pe yet be straught the daungers doest foresee,
That copasse thee: nor hearest the sayre wyndes blowe
Dido in mynde roles vengeance and deceyte,
Certayne of death, swelles wyth vnstable Ice.
Wylt thou not flye, whyles thou hast tyme of flight:
Straight shalt thou see, the seas couered wyth sayles
The blasynge brondes, the shore stald all wyth flame:
And yf the morowe steale vpon the here:
Come of, haue done, set al delay on syde,
Ful of chaunge these women be alway.
Thys sayde, in the darke nyght he gan hym hyde.

Aeneas of thys sodayne bysion
Adread starts vp from hys sleepe in hast,
Cals vp hys seeres: awake get vp my men,
Aboorde your shyppes, and hoyle vp sayle wyth speede,
(A God me wylles sent from Ioue agayne)
To hast my flight, and wythen cables cut.
Oh holy God, what so thou art we shal
Folowe thee, and all blyth obey thy wyll:
Be at our hand, and friendly vs assist:
Adresse the starres wyth prosperous influence?

And

The fourth booke of Virgil.

And wyth that woodd hys glystering sword bryghtly,
 Wyth wyth drawn he the tables cut in twayne.
 The lyke desyre the rest embraced all,
 All thynge in hast they wrell, and forth they whirle,
 The shores they leaue, wyth shypes the seas are spred,
 Cutting the same, by the blew seas they sweepe.
 Aurora nowe from Titans purple bedde,
 Wyth newe day lyght hath oversped the earth,
 When by her wyndowes the Quene the creakyng daye
 Aspyed, and the nauy wyth splayed sayles departe
 The shore, and eke the porte of vessels boyde.
 Her comely brest thre or foure tymes she smote
 Wyth her owne hande, and toare her golden tresse,
 Oh Ioue (quoth she) shall he hence thus depart
 A straunger thus, and scoone our kyngdome so?
 Shal not my men do on theyr armour prest?
 And eke pursue them throughtout al the towne?
 And out of the rode soone shall the bestell warpe.
 Haste on, cast flame, hoysse sayle, and welde your owers.
 What sayde I: but where am I: what fransp
 Alters thy mynde, unhappy Dido? now
 Hath thee beset a froward destiny.
 Then it behoued, when thou wyth hym deuoydest
 The scepture loe, hys sayth, and hys ryght hand,
 That leades wyth hym (they say) hys countrey goodes,
 That on hys backe hys aged father bore,
 Hys body myght I not haue taught and rent:
 And in the seas drenched hym, and his seeres:
 And from Aescanis hys lyfe wyth Acon rest:
 And set hym on hys fathers boorde for meate.
 Of suche debate perchance the fortune myght
 Haue bene doutfull, woulde God it were assayed,
 Whom shoulde I feare: syth I my selfe must dye.
Pyght

The fourth booke of Virgil.

Wygght I haue throwen into that nauy brandes,
And fylled eke theyr deckes wyth stampng fyre,
The father, sonne, and all theyr nacion
Destroyed, and fall my selfe there onerall.
Sunne wyth thy beames, that moztall woorkes discrypes,
And thou Juno, that well these traunples knowes,
Proserpyne thou, vpon whom folke do vse
To houle, and call in forked wayes by nyght,
Infernall furies eke, ye woorkers of wrong,
And Didos Gods, who standes at poynt of death,
Receyue these wordes, and eke your heauy power
Wythdrowe from me, that wycked folke deserue,
And our request accept, we you beseeche.
If so that yonder wycked head must needes
Recouer porte, and sayle to lande of force,
And if Ioues wyll haue so resolved,
And suche end hath set as no wyght can foredoe,
Yet at the least asayled mought be he
Wyth armes, and warres of hardy nations,
From the bowndes of hys kyngdome farre expeld,
Iulus eke ranshed out of hys armes,
Dyuen to call for helpe, that he may see
The gyltles corpes of hys folke lye dead.
And after hard condicions of peace,
Hys realme, nor lyfe desyred may he brooke:
But fall before hys tyme vnburyed amyd the sandes,
Thys I requyre, these wordes wyth bloud I shedde.
And Tyrians, ye hys stocke and all hys race
Pursue wyth hate, rewarde our synders foe,
No loue nor leage, betwixt our peoples be.
And of our bones, some weaker maye there spryng,
Wyth swoorde and flame that Troians maye pursue,
How from hencefoorth when power may stretch,

Our

The fourth booke of Virgill.

Our costes to them contrary be they for aye,
I craue of God, and our streames to theyr fluddes,
Armes vnto armes, and ofspyrng of eche rate.
Thys sayde, her mynde she wythed ouer al sydes,
Seekyng wyth speede to ende thys irkesome lyfe.
To Sicheus nurse Barcen then briefely thus she sayde:
For hers at home in ashes dyd remayne.
Call vnto me deare nurse my syster Anne:
Wyth her, in hast in water of the fludde
She sprynckle the body, and byng the beastes,
And purgynge sacrifice, I dyd her shewe:
So let her come: and thou thy temples bynde
Wyth sacred garlandes, for the sacrefyce,
That I to Pluto haue begonne my mynde,
Is to refoz me, and geue ende to these cares:
And Troian statue thzowe into the flame.
When she had sayde: redouble gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trotte.
But tremblyng Dido al egerly now bent
Vpon her sterne determination,
Her blond shot eyes rolyng wythin her head:
Her quyueryng cheekes flecked wyth deadly stayne,
Both pale and wan, to thynke on death to come,
Into the inward wardes of her palace
She rusheth in: and clam vp as besttraught
The buryal stake: and drew the Troian sword
Her gyft sometyme, but ment to no suche vse.
Where when she saw hys weede, and wel known bed,
Weepyng a whyle, in study gan she stay,
Fell on the bedde, and these last wordes she sayd.
Swete spoyles, whyles God and destiny dyd permitt,
Receyue thys spirit, and ryd me of these cares.
I lyued and range the course, fortune dyd graunt,

And

The fourth booke of Virgill.

And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende

A goodly towne I buylte, and saw my walles:

Happy, alas to happy, if these costes

The Troian thyppes had neuer touched aye:

Thys sayd, she layd her mouth close to the bed:

Why then (quoth she) vnwoken shal we dye?

But let vs dye for thus, and in thys sorte

It lyketh vs to seeke the shadowes darke.

And from the seas the cruell Troian eyes

Shall well deccerne thys flame, and take wyth hym

Eke these unlucky tokens of my death.

As she had sayd, her damsell myght perceyue

Her wyth these wordes fal peresed on the sworde,

The bolynge blond wyth goze and handes embzued.

The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe,

The brute ranne throughout al thastoynd towne:

Wyth waylyng great, and womens lamentyng.

The roothes gan roare, the ayre resound wyth playnt

As though Cartage, or auncient towne of Tyre

Wyth pzease of entred enemyes swarmed full:

Or when the rage of furuous flame doth take

The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.

Her syster Anne, spyteles for dread to heare

Thys fearefull sturre, wyth nayles gan teare her face,

She smote her bzeast, and russhed through the route:

And dyeng thus she cleapes her by her name:

Syster, for thys dyd you wyth craft me bourde:

The stake, the flame, the auters breede they thys?

What shal I fyrst complayne, forsaken wyght?

Lothest thou in death thy systers felowshyp?

Thou should haue cal'ed me to lyke destiny:

One wo, one sworde, one houre mought ende vs bothe.

Thys funerall stake buylt I wyth these handes,

The fourth booke of Virgil.

O wylth thys boyce cleaped our natyue Gods
As cruel for to absent me from thy death:
Dystroyed thou hast (syster) both thee and me;
Thy people eke, and prynces borne at Tyre,
Geue, here I shall wylth water walhe her woundes:
And sucke wylth mouth her breath, if ought be left.

Thys sayd, vnto the hyghe degrees she mounted,
Embrasyng fast heryster nowe halfe dead:
Wylth waylefyll playnt, whom in her lap she layd
The blacke swarte gear wopping dyp wylth her clothes.
But Dido straued for to lyft vp agayne
Her heauy eyn, and hath no power thereto:
Deepe vnder her brest, the fyred wound doth gape.
Thysle leanyng on her elbowe gan she rayse
Her selfe vpwarde: and thysle she ouerthrewe
Upon the hedde: rangyng wylth wandryng eyes
The skyes for lycht: and wept when she it found.

Almyghty Iuno haupng rathe by thys
Of her long paynes, and eke her lynchryng death,
From heauen she sent the Goddesse Iris downe,
The thrallyng spiryte, and loynted lymmes to loose:
For that neyther by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by naturall death she perished:
But wretchedly before her fatal daye,
And kyndled wylth a sodayne rage of flame:
Proserpyne had not yet from her head berefte
The golden beare: nor iudged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus wylth golden wynges,
A thousand hues she wyng agaynst the sunne,
Ampe the skyes then dyd she flye adowne:
On Didos heade, where as she gan alyght,
Thys beare (quoth she) to Pluto consecrate.
Commaunded I bereue, and eke thy spirite vnloose

From

The fourth booke of Virgil.

From thys body : and when she had thus sayd,
With her right hand she cut the heare in twayne:
And therewith al the naturall heate gan quenched
And into wynde the lyfe forthwith resolve.

F F R F S.